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DEDICATION

OF THE

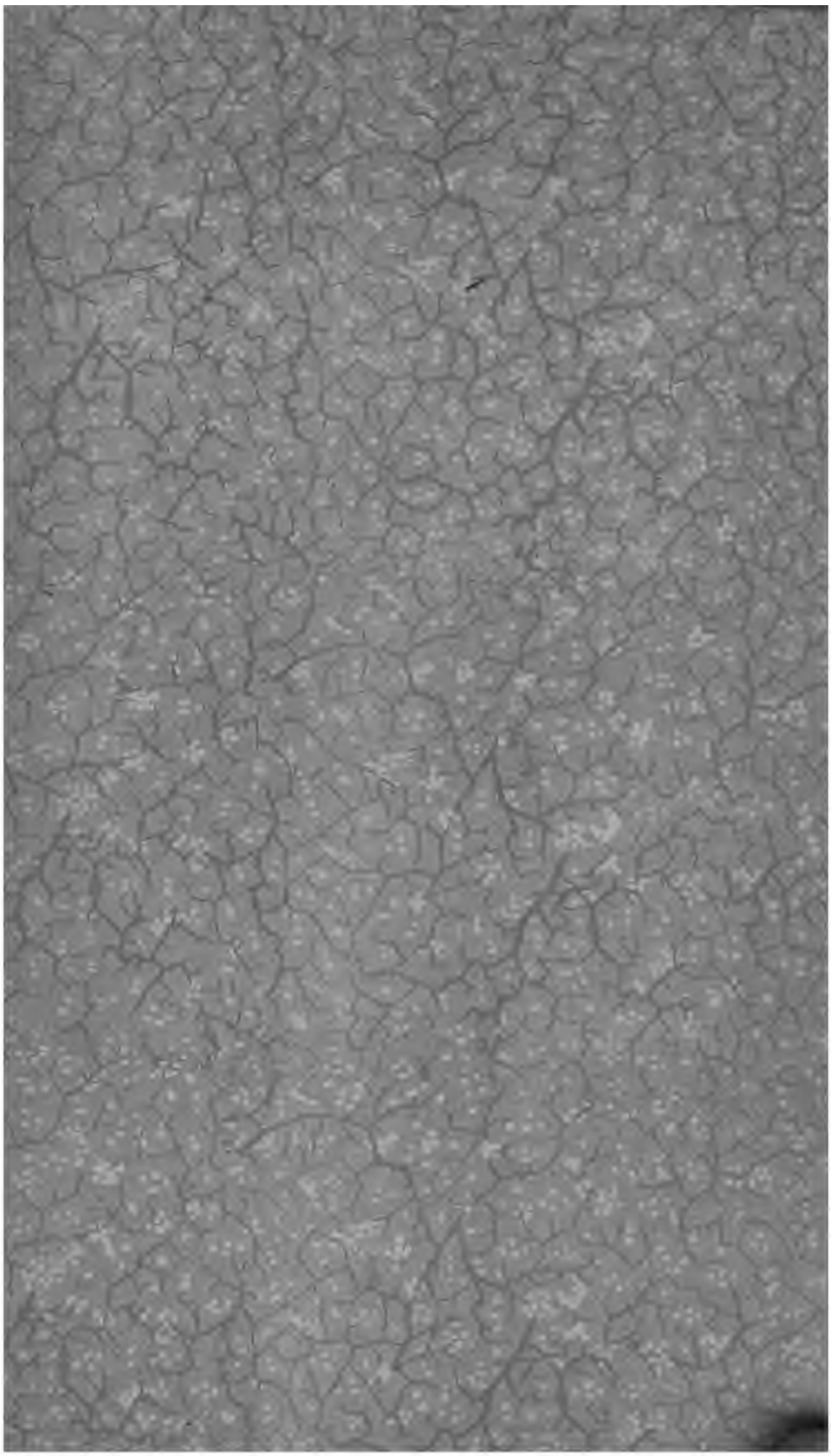
CONVERSE MEMORIAL BUILDING.

Harvard College Library

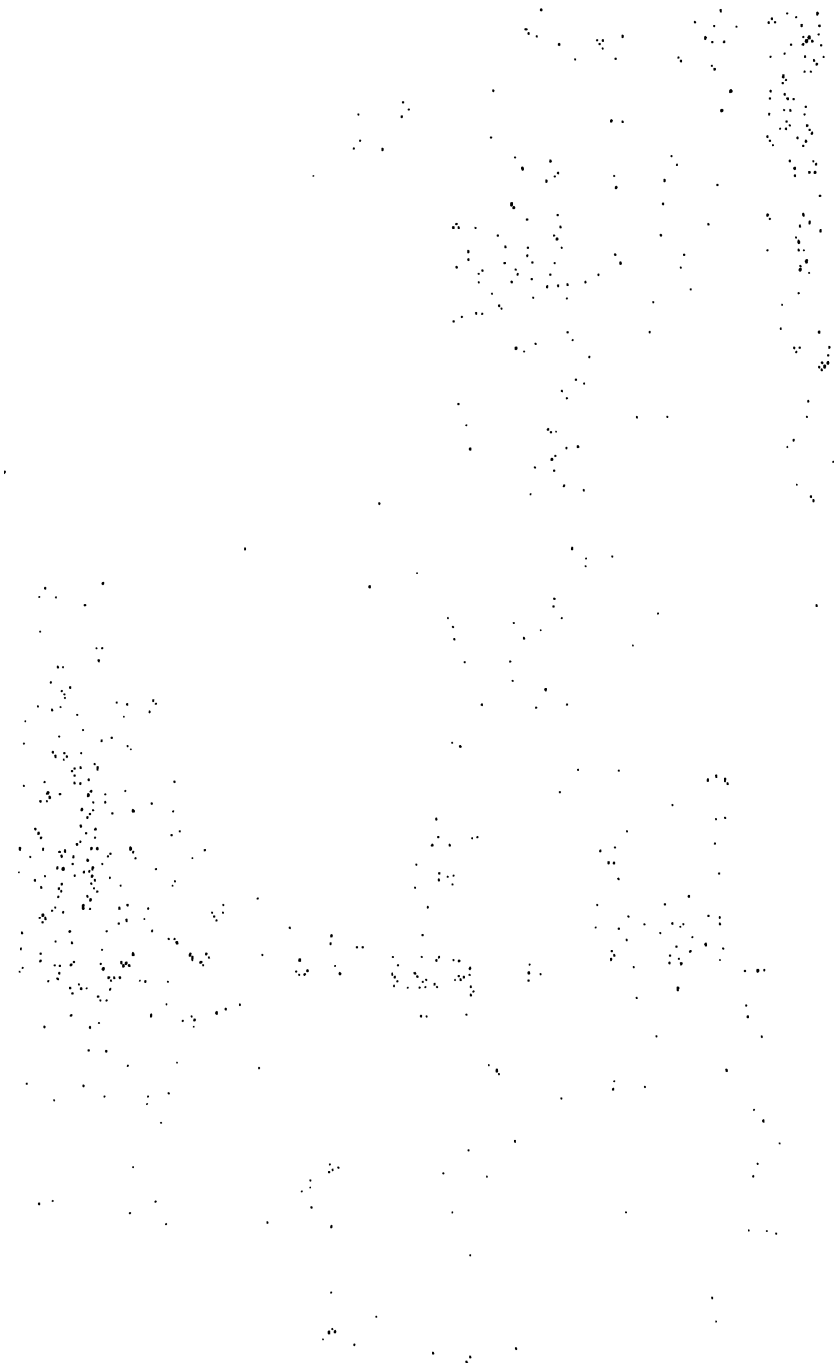
FROM

The Board of Trustees

4 Feb., 1888.



CONVERSE MEMORIAL BUILDING.



Malden — Public library.

DEDICATION

OF THE

CONVERSE MEMORIAL BUILDING.

Exercises

AT THE

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

MALDEN,

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1885.

BOSTON:
ALFRED MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS,
24 FRANKLIN STREET.
1886.

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HARVARD COLLEGE
FEB 4 1868
LIBRARY

PRELIMINARY.

TO HIS HONOR THE MAYOR, AND THE CITY COUNCIL OF MALDEN:

Gentlemen,—For some years we have had in mind the erection in Malden of a memorial to our son, Frank E. Converse.

The establishment of a public library through the bequest of Mr. John Gardner, its rapid growth, and consequent inconvenient location, pointed to a way in which the memorial could take shape and also be of utility to the public.

We therefore desire, through you, to present to the city of Malden, to be held in trust forever by it, or by a corporation duly authorized, the lot of land next to the Baptist Church on Salem Street, and the edifice thereon now in process of construction and soon to be completed, to be known as the Converse Memorial Building, for the free use of the city as a place of deposit for the library and works of art.

We shall be obliged if you will at your convenience take such action as you deem proper on this notice.

Yours respectfully,

E. S. CONVERSE.
MARY D. CONVERSE.

MALDEN, MASS., April 20, 1885.

DEDICATORY EXERCISES.

ORGAN PRELUDE . . . . . *Battiste.*

OBADIAH B. BROWN, ORGANIST, OF MALDEN.

INVOCATION.

REV. JOSEPH H. MANSFIELD, OF MALDEN.

O God, our Father, we come to thee for thy guidance and blessing in the services of this important hour. Thou art the source of all our help, and we acknowledge our dependence upon thee. Wilt thou give us strength in all our weakness, and wisdom in all our ignorance, and help in all our responsibilities?

We would thank thee for thy remembrance of us in the past; for all the good things that have come to us from thy bountiful hand. Thou art the Giver of all our good, the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

We invoke thy special benediction upon our brother and his wife, whose munificent gift has brought us together at this hour. Give them comfort in all their sorrows, and help and reward them in all their good works. May Heaven's richest favors crown their lives. Let thy blessing rest upon our fair city. Bless our schools and churches and every institution dear to us. Remember our citizens assembled here at this hour, and the greater number not here save in spirit. May temperance and virtue prevail among us, and every good work be carried forward to completest success. May we love righteousness, and hate evil.

Grant thy blessing upon our Mayor, and upon our entire city government, Remember our governor and the Commonwealth, and give direction in all our national affairs. Again we ask thy blessing upon the exercises of this hour. We would honor thee in all our doings and thoughts. Wilt thou guide us by thy counsels while we live, and afterwards receive us to glory, through Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour? Amen.

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.

REV. JOSHUA W. WELLMAN, D. D., OF MALDEN.

Wise men lay up knowledge.

Give instruction to a wise man and he will be yet wiser. Teach a righteous man, and he will increase in learning.

Every prudent man worketh with knowledge, but a fool spreadeth out folly.

Take fast hold of instruction, let her not go; keep her, for she is thy life.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver; and the gain thereof than fine gold.

She is more precious than rubies. And none of the things thou canst desire are to be compared unto her.

Length of days is in her right hand. In her left are riches and honor.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness. And all her paths are peace.

She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy is every one that retaineth her.

The Lord by wisdom founded the earth.

By understanding He established the heavens.

By his knowledge the depths were broken up, and the skies drop down dew.

Get wisdom, get understanding. Forget her not, neither decline from the words of my mouth.

Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee. Love her, and she shall keep thee.

Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom.

Yea, with all that thou hast gotten, get understanding.

Exalt her, and she shall promote thee.

Wisdom hath builded her house. She hath hewn out her seven pillars. Whoso is simple, let him turn in hither.

As for him that is void of understanding, she said to him:

Come, eat of my bread, and drink of the wine which I have mingled.

Leave off, ye simple ones, and live; and walk in the way of understanding.

Through wisdom is our house builded. And by understanding is it established.

And by knowledge are the chambers filled, with all precious and pleasant riches.

THESE STONES SHALL BE FOR A MEMORIAL.

And Jesus came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up, and he entered, as his custom was, into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up to read. And there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Isaiah. And he opened the book, and found the place where it was written:

The Spirit of the Lord is upon me.

Because he hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor.

He hath sent me to proclaim release to the captives,

And recovering of sight to the blind.

To set at liberty them that are bruised.

To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.

And he closed the book, and gave it to the attendant, and sat down.

Till I come, give heed to reading. If any man thinketh that he knoweth anything, he knoweth not yet as he ought to know.

Who is wise and understanding among you? Let him show by his good life, his works in meekness of wisdom. The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruit. As it is written:

He hath scattered abroad, he hath given to the poor; His righteousness abideth forever.

And He that supplieth seed to the sower and bread for food, shall supply and multiply your seed for sowing, and increase the fruits of your righteousness: ye being enriched in everything unto all liberality, which worketh through us thanksgiving to God.

And the elders of the Jews, when they came to Jesus, besought him earnestly, saying, He is worthy that thou shouldest do this for him, for he loveth our nation, and he hath built us a synagogue.

God loveth a cheerful giver.

Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over, shall they give into your bosom.

"PRAISE THE LORD" . . . . . *Marsh.*

RUGGLES STREET CHURCH QUARTETTE.

HERBERT O. JOHNSON, 1*st Tenor.*
WILLIAM T. MEEK, 2*d Tenor.*
GEORGE H. REMELE, 1*st Bass.*
GEORGE R. CLARK, 2*d Bass.*

PRESENTATION.

OF HON. ELISHA F. CONVERSE.

Brockway, Francis:

[illegible] a few words in explanation of the [illegible] structure which we are now assembled [illegible]

[illegible] building, it is not [illegible] that it shall not [illegible] young men [illegible] from earth's [illegible] good sense, a [illegible] of the work which [illegible] a citizen [illegible] has it pleased [illegible] ably life

[illegible] his friends that he would have [illegible] and have [illegible] [illegible] complete be [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] in his [illegible]

[illegible] requested [illegible] a memorial, [illegible] our citizens. [illegible] worthy of the city for [illegible]

[illegible] gift of the [illegible] John [illegible] [illegible] its [illegible] that [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] for [illegible] have [illegible] was the [illegible]

[illegible] H. Barbour.
[illegible] George [illegible].
[illegible] H. Collins.

PRESENTATION.

BY HON. ELISHA S. CONVERSE.

Mr. Chairman, your Excellency, Friends:

May I be allowed a few words in explanation of the object sought in erecting the structure which we are now assembled to dedicate.

In presenting this building, it is intended that it shall not only be a memorial of a young man summoned early from earth to heaven, but also in some sense a perpetuation of the work which he might have done as a citizen in this community had it pleased God to prolong his earthly life.

It was the hope and belief of his parents that he would have taken an active part in the affairs of the town, and have joined heartily in the efforts of public-spirited men to promote the prosperity and welfare of Malden.

Absent from our sight, we would have him present in his influence for good.

Other means of usefulness were considered, but relinquished in favor of a project which seemed more suitable as a memorial, and which it is hoped will benefit a larger number of our citizens. It was at length decided to erect an edifice worthy of the city for a Public Library.

The Library, founded by the gift of the late respected John Gardner, having such scanty accommodations as to hinder both its usefulness and growth, it was believed that the greatest benefit to the largest number of persons would in this way be secured.

To furnish and adorn the building to become a depository for books, works of art, and other objects of interest, was another source of pleasure to us, and we have placed upon its walls the following paintings: —

"Lincoln at Gettysburg," by A. H. Bicknell.

"Sunrise Memories of Italy," by George L. Brown.

Portrait, after Titian, by Frank H. Collins.

"Washington," after Gilbert Stuart, by T. H. Badger.

Portrait (full length) of Frank E. Converse, by A. H. Bicknell.

Several other works of art, accompanied by letters from donors, have been presented as mementos of cherished memories. These are received with appreciation and heartfelt thanks.

I would not omit to mention with gratitude the able work of the distinguished architect, H. H. Richardson, whose plans have been so well executed by the careful and thorough builders, Messrs. Norcross Bros.; nor the good work done by the skilful foreman, George Connor; and others employed, for the interest they have taken; — altogether, they have produced the work according to the original design in a substantial manner.

In memory of one, on this, the anniversary of his birthday, your permission is asked to name the edifice the "Converse Memorial Building."

And now, Mr. Mayor, to you, as the representative of the citizens of Malden, I have the pleasure of handing these keys, and of presenting, in the name of Mrs. Converse and myself, the title deed of a parcel of land and the edifice thereon, which with the furniture and pictures previously described, constitute the "Converse Memorial," to be held by the Malden Public Library for the free use of the people of Malden; with the hope and prayer that our Heavenly Father will so guide those intrusted with its management, that it shall minister to the happiness and profit of our fellow-citizens, not only for the present but for future generations.

ACCEPTANCE.

BY MAYOR LORIN L. FULLER.

Mr. and Mrs. Converse, — As the representative of the citizens of the city of Malden, I gratefully recognize this noble and generous gift, and most heartily thank you for your generosity.

It is a gift magnificent and beautiful, of which we may well be proud. The structure so massive and solid, of such architectural beauty and finish; the grounds so graded, paved, curbed, and ornamented, — attract the attention and admiration of all.

Fitted and finished, it is, in all its parts and appointments, fitting and appropriate — as you have suggested — to answer the double purpose of a memorial to the dear departed, the anniversary of whose birth is to-day, and a lasting educator and blessing to our city.

Arranged and furnished not only for the reception of books, pamphlets, and papers, but a gallery of art, and that gallery now furnished with paintings both rare and beautiful, one of which, "Lincoln at Gettysburg," for size and beauty is hardly surpassed, if equalled, by any painting far or near. The portraits in this marvellous creation are not only life size but lifelike, so natural, so perfect that one can almost read the very life and character and individuality of each.

Other paintings and statuary adorn the rooms, so rich and artistic that I will not attempt to describe them.

One, however, I must notice, where the artist must have exceeded your most sanguine expectations in producing the picture of one, who, though "absent from sight, is present for good."

Two other portraits hang upon the south wall of the gallery, and, although they are not your gifts, yet it was through the kind assistance of yourself and Mrs. Converse that we were enabled to procure them; not as costly, though, as others, yet more to be prized, and the artist and donors may well congratulate themselves on their success. The citizens look upon them with pride and admiration, knowing that the originals are of us and with us,

and now before us; and, though not bone of our bone, or flesh of our flesh, yet you have so entwined yourselves around and about us by your generosity and kindness, that we feel a deep interest in all that pertains to you and yours.

It is for me now simply to add that we, the people of Malden, gratefully and thankfully accept your generous, unselfish, and unsolicited gift; and trust you and Mrs. Converse may long be spared to enjoy the fruits of your generosity, and receive the congratulations of your friends and fellow-citizens.

Mr. President of the Board of Trustees:

I shall soon place in your hands, as the representative of the Trustees of the Malden Public Library, this box, containing the deed of trust of the Converse Memorial Building, the conveyance of all books, papers, etc., of the Malden Public Library to the new corporation, and the letters which have been read.

I shall ask you to see that this box and contents are carefully placed in the archives of the Library, where they will be protected and preserved for all time to come.

You and your associates, who have accepted the position of Trustees, have assumed a duty, and taken upon yourselves a responsibility, which will require careful consideration and earnest attention.

Knowing, as I do, that yourself and associates are gentlemen of large experience and unquestioned integrity, it gives me much pleasure to place in your hands this box and these keys, which give you the entire charge and control of all that pertains to the Malden Public Library.

ACCEPTANCE BY THE TRUSTEES.

Mr. Deloraine P. Corey, President of the Board of Trustees, accepted the gift in these words: —

Mr. Mayor, — In behalf of the Trustees I accept the trusts whose symbols you have placed in my hands, to hold and administer for the benefit of the people of Malden. None can better realize the responsibilities which attend these trusts than my associates, and I feel that in their hands nothing that earnestness and watchfulness can supply will be wanting. Great as are these trusts in a material sense, and greater still as are their possibilities, I hold them as a feather's weight against their moral and æsthetic power. They stand apart as a great conservative and educational force, throwing out its gathered energies and influences into every part of the community. What the public library is we know; we know its work, but who can forecast its results? The labor lengthens out far down the vista of human progress. I cannot lift the veil which hides futurity, but I know that the influence of the public library will ever be on the side of private virtue and public honor, and that where it exists, a living, active force, ignorance and crime will be held as reproachful things.

Eloquently speaks the presence of this audience of the gift which comes to us to-day, and of its givers. More eloquent is the speech of yonder Memorial, testifying in its beauty of itself. More eloquent still is that feeling which pervades this people, testifying to the respect and love which these friends, our brother and sister indeed, have won by their kindly, helpful lives in our midst, lives that have been filled by gentle and unpretending acts of benevolence and by neighborly kindnesses. Happy for us that this comes from those who are worthy of doing good deeds, whose characters give grace and dignity to the good they do. We know that to them this gift is sacred. To us it is the love of a father and mother for their first-born, which has taken form in a great public benefaction. It stands for all that is pure and holy in human life and its intentions.

Gentlemen of the Trustees, this Memorial is hallowed by the prayers and tears of parental love, and it is placed in your hands as a trust to be preserved inviolate. It is your high office to direct its mission of love and good-will. It is yours to see that nothing impure shall enter its doors, that the influences which shall go out therefrom into the homes of our people — into the hearts of our children — shall be healthful and clean, things worthy of the fair fame of the youthful life in whose memory its walls are raised.

Citizens of Malden, we accept this trust for you; yet, not alone *for* you does it exist. It is *of* you, and demands that interest and care which you should extend to your own. Without your sympathy and support it will become a lifeless thing. Remember that it is a minister of intellectual growth and progress, and so is a maker of character and a giver of moral and mental strength, and not a means of mere recreation. Let your demands upon it be such as spring from intelligent and sincere purposes. Strengthen its strength by calling forth the exercise of its best powers in your service. Then will its fair promises ripen into a golden fruitage for you and yours; and may Heaven grant that when those pictured forms, mellowed and darkened by the flight of time, shall look down from yonder walls upon a far-off day and generation, they may behold a time-honored and beneficent institution, filled with the vigor of perpetual youth, ministering to and founded upon an intelligent, God-fearing, virtuous, and man-loving people. So may the good intentions, the kindly provision, and the wisdom of these givers be justified.

"DO GOOD TO-DAY" . . . . . *Kreutzer.*

QUARTETTE.

DEDICATORY PRAYER.

BY REV. DANIEL W. FAUNCE, D. D., OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

Almighty and ever-living Lord our God, we come to-day to crave thy blessing. We acknowledge thee to be our Creator, our Father, our Sovereign, and we own that thou wilt be our Final Judge.

For our life, both mortal and immortal, we devoutly thank thee. Thou hast surrounded us with objects that awake our attention, demand our study, and minister to our delight. Thou hast made us capable of knowing something of the world about us, the world within us, of our fellow-men and of thyself. That our birth and training have been in happy free America, amid these institutions of liberty, of religion, and of learning, we give thee our most hearty thanks. For churches and schools and libraries, for all the opportunities of education and culture, we devoutly bless thy name. Thine eye is ever on us; thy care enfolds us, thy high and solemn and unslumbering providence controls all our mortal life. And, if sometimes thy way seems dark and strange, thou dost, in the end, indicate thy right to rule over the children of men.

For a young life, dawning in especial promise, years ago in a household in this community, we thank thee; and that thy young servant, whose memory is so fragrant to-day, was a lover of God and all good things. And though thou didst early resume the life thou didst lend us, and the flower that blossomed here was taken to bloom in heaven, thou didst give us in the hour of bereavement to say the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord. Thou hast by the sharpness of that sorrow brought forth these peaceable fruits of righteousness; and thy young servant, being dead, yet speaketh.

On thy servant and his companion in life, the father and mother of the departed, who have enriched themselves in their gift to this community, let the choicest blessings rest. May their lives and that of their households be in thine especial care.

Remember also others who have brought their gifts, in works of art, for this shrine of learning and culture. Wilt thou so move upon the men to whom thou hast given large property that they may acknowledge the debt which wealth owes to learning, and speedily fill these shelves with the choicest literature of all the wide world.

We pray also for those who have received this sacred trust; for thy servant the Mayor, and those associated with him in the management of this institution.

And now, our Heavenly Father, we do here, by these acts under thine eye, consecrate this building to be known as the Converse Memorial Building, and as a temple of literature and art. Let it be kept from the flood and the flame, from the bolt of heaven and the vandal hand of man. Let it remain the joy and the pride, as well as the profit, of the citizens of this community. Let it send forth streams of heartfelt influence, thus helping to make this city the city of God. Let it be true that youth seeking knowledge; manhood, wisdom; and age, solace; may all find these blessings in the stores of learning and religion here gathered.

And on thy servant, the orator of the day, let there rest the blessing of wise, and happy, and persuasive speech. Bless also the governor of this State, and may he be able in the fear of the Lord to preside over the Commonwealth with its growing cities and towns. On all here assembled let thy blessing abundantly rest for this life and that which is to come.

And these things we ask in the name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

ODE.

BY REV. SAMUEL F. SMITH, D. D., OF NEWTON.

Set to music by Obadiah B. Brown.

How blest the art that links in sacred bonds
  The living present with the living past!
The life of other years to ours responds,
  Pulse beat to pulse beat thrills, and first to last.

The thoughts once breathed in prose, or rolled in song,
  Treasured in faithful records, sound again;
Genius and love their harmonies prolong,
  And vanished souls converse again with men.

And books are thoughts, — these alcoves fair shall hold,
  Like rare and priceless gems, the sacred trust,
When monumental piles and shrines of gold,
  Battered and worn, shall crumble into dust.

Whose shall the honor be, in faithful trust, —
  When passed from earth, the glorious thinkers sleep, —
Their thoughts, like jewels rescued from the dust,
  In fitting chambers to arrange and keep?

Thank God! such trusts to human hands are given;
  Thank God! such trusts shall not be given in vain;
Earth's clustered blooms will show fair fruit in heaven;
  Thoughts, saved on earth, will shine in heaven again.

How blest the task, in this short life of ours,
  Life's loving work and influence to extend;
Clothing the mortal with immortal powers,
  Making all ages with all ages blend.

ORATION.

BY HON. JOHN D. LONG.

This is one of those occasions which illustrate the poverty and inexpressiveness of words and things, and the inexhaustible riches of the ideal. We cheat ourselves with the delusion that to-day we dedicate the magnificent walls and graceful proportions of a Public Library Building wrought out of wood and stone. Not so. Its appointments are but symbols, noble and exquisite in themselves, but faint and fleeting in comparison with that deeper reality, — that reality of ideality, inexpressible in human language or architectural material,— the reality of the love of the human heart, of the charity of human brotherhood, of the eternal progress of the human mind, of the mastery of human industry; of all which they are only the suggestion. If you would, therefore, trace the true sources of this splendid edifice, you will go not to any plan of architect, but into the sacred recesses of a man and woman's heart, where no skill of the painter's or rhetorican's art can reproduce the delicate utterances of the spirit, and where the lights and shadows of tender memories and affections picture the face of the boy they loved. If you would seek its purpose you will find it in no monumental impression upon the public eye, or against the background of the blue heaven, but in the generous, unrestricted treasures of instruction and soulful delight, which from this time henceforth it will pour out upon this community. If you would learn its lesson, it is that of the march of a civilization of all the people, which stops short at no milestone of progress, and in which it is itself only a step. If you would follow its construction, you will think not alone of the generosity that gave or the brain that planned it, but of the varied and busy hands, representing every branch of mechanical art and honest labor, which have contributed to its rise, from the first blow of the pickaxe to the nicest touch of the carver's artistic chisel. You, with a citizen's pride, have often gazed at its impressive architecture, and read the poem of its beautiful

interior finish. I, with a stranger's curiosity and pleasure, have visited it. I looked upon its massive walls, its heavy blocks of brown sandstone, its carved ornamentation. I entered its door, and stood alone under its arches. I saw the interminable series of vacant shelves, soon to bend beneath their precious weight of literature; the panellings of quartered oak; the great generous fireplace, suggestive of the old-time New England hospitality; the tables yet bare; the art gallery waiting for its decoration of sculpture and painting. Yet not alone. For, looking back through the vista of the past year, I saw those spaces alive with the workmanship of American industry, ringing with the sound of the hammer, the trowel and the saw, and I realized the noblest feature of our American system in this; that the very labor and toil, even the crudest and humblest, which wrought and built and went into this library building, are themselves the beneficiaries which are to profit by it, and henceforth to enjoy its inestimable blessings; building indeed better than they knew. Happy and fortunate the benefactors, who, touching in the chamber of their hearts an electric knob, thus set in motion the industrial activities which bear such fruit, such mercy a thousand times blessed for giver and recipient alike. But I do them only justice, I am sure, and express only their thought, when I say that their happiest satisfaction is that this gift of theirs represents not their contribution alone, but the contribution also of many of those in whose behalf they erect and dedicate it.

But, looking forward through the vista of the years to come, I was conscious still more of another realization. The mellow afternoon sun threw its glory on carved columns and groaning shelves. The evening lights flashed down their splendor. The alcoves swarmed. The tables were laden. The walls were hung with works of art. The sculptured marble seemed instinct with the breath of life. Best of all, the aisles and niches were alive with humanity. Men and women, little children, school boys and girls, rich and poor, the man of leisure, and the workman coming from his toil, came in and out and drank freely of the waters of life. For, as I said on another similar occasion, the value of this edifice is not in its architectural proportions and its cunning work-

manship of frame and finish; it is in the magnificent use, the generous and ennobling service to which it is consecrated. Literally a treasure-house of knowledge, an inexhaustible mine of education, — the monopoly of no man or body of men, — it is thrown wide open for generations to come to the free common resort and possession of the people. Two of your own fellow-citizens, husband and wife, — and in that sweet domestic relation stamping on this public act the tenderness of home itself, — throw open in the heart of your city a public library and art building that shall insure the range of published study and inquiry, free reading-rooms, and the treasures of science, art, and literature. If you would measure its value you would not reckon the land or stone or wood, or even the more than hundred thousand dollars that have gone into its construction. You would measure it, as I am sure the givers do, by looking along the expanding vista of the time to come. You would here see some future Bunyan, of rapt imagination, saved by its illumination of inquiry and truth from those errors and hideous fancies of religious frenzy which, until the serenity of a loftier faith came to him, drove the young tinker of Bedford almost to the madness of despair, though I fear you would lose the vivid allegory of the "Pilgrim's Progress." You would picture here the eager face of some later Abraham Lincoln, burnt brown with the sunshine of the farm, some Henry Wilson hastening from the shoemaker's lapstone, some mechanic from his bench, — the men and women of your industries, — all here enjoying a society of refinement and culture, a communion with the master-spirits of all time, an education in all the humanities. The myths of classic time will here be the homeliest of facts. The goddess of all knowledge will spring, full equipped, from the cleft of a mightier than pagan godhead — the open volume of a book. The winged Pegasus that bears its rider to the stars will be the leaves, more precious than the sibyl's — the leaves on these clustering shelves, from which no idle wind will flutter them. The sweetest poetry of written verse will be but as homely prose to the poetry of the actuality of this scene. Maud Müller's wish —

> "That she hardly dared to own
> For something better than she had known"

will here be realized in a companionship and surrounding such as the Judge's hand, had he conferred it, never could have brought. The "barefoot boy" will, indeed, have more than the "million-dollared" can buy. In the town in which I live we have, like you, a public library, founded by the munificence of a citizen. Walking from it one perfect September day last month, I overtook a child slow sauntering before me. In her dress was the evidence of that pathetic poverty which seeks to hide its destitution with the mother's midnight needle and the prudent patch. Her broken and over-crushed shoes, a mile too large, were the evident gratuity of charity. But under each arm was a library book, and in her hands a third, held wide open, which she read as she walked. Passing, I caught under the torn hat-brim that intelligent child-face, traced with a pensive sadness, which is so often seen among the children of the poor. Apparently my salutation woke the blue eyes, which trembled up, from a dream in which all consciousness of the actual time and place had been lost, and in which the soul was living in the transcendent ranges of an upper world, — the world of the aspiring imagination, — the world of literature and mind, — the world in which all the good and wise and lovely are our society. Is it nothing to have conferred such a blessing on one of God's little ones, to have made such a one the messenger of glad tidings to some humble household, which, under the gifts she was bringing, would gladden into happiness and instruction? Measure the value of your public library! Suppose for one moment that its contents were blotted out; that the world of books were consumed; that the records of history, science, and fiction, the vehicles of fact and event, of discovery and truth, of imagination and poetry, were a lost art. Why, we live less in the present than in the past; less in ourselves than in the atmosphere and society which history and literature have created! What man in this region of the earth is so open to you in his heart and thought and dreams as David, or Emerson, or Thackeray? Of what man here do you know so much as of Washington or Bonaparte? In whose poetic tendernesses or aspirations do you find half the sympathy you find in Longfellow and Whittier? What drama of domestic or public life is half so familiar as that of Walter Scott and Shakespeare? Which of

your neighbors can hold you with the illuminated talk-torrent of Macaulay? Is there nothing, too, to be said in praise of an agency which thus sweeps our vision and our interests out of the small and inbreeding confines of local friction and gossip into these world-wide and time-wide ranges of creative power? Here in his single hand the citizen grasps the universe. Here he listens to the debates of Congress. Here he watches the movements of armies on Afghan or Egyptian fields. Here he studies the diplomatic contests of Europe and looks over their shoulders into the hands of negotiating ambassadors. Here he is member of the senates of the world. Here he traces the comet in the sky, or cuts isthmian canals, or explores the icy terrors of the pole, or in the exquisite realm of the imagination sings with the poet and inquires with the philosopher. Here solitude becomes society. The soul is supreme master of the realm, and man recognizes that he is a god. It is more than a school, more than education: it is absolute possession. The scholar is king, and every citizen is a scholar. His soul inherits the earth. No devil tempts him, yet his are all the kingdoms of the world and all the glory of them.

While this building is unique in its purpose, it is yet — to the honor of our American civilization be it said — only in the line and easy evolution of our New England system. It is as much a flower of the Pilgrim and Puritan seed, as much a part of the providential scheme of the Mayflower and of John Winthrop's landing, as much fused with the flavor of Harry Vane, as much a result of that vote of 1647, which declared that "learning should not be buried in the graves of our forefathers," as is Harvard College, or our common school system; or as if every stone under its roof, every book on its shelves, every picture upon its walls, had been in the mind's eye of the founders of Massachusetts. Still more does it partake of the elements of our later consummations, — our marvellous industrial growths. In its very amplitude it yet embodies the idea of that homely saving economy, that intelligent thrift, that careful provision for future needs, which characterize New England. It embodies the idea of those great agencies and massings of skilled and citizenized labor, which at once employ a multitude of hands and at the same time stimulate as many activ-

of invention and brain, and so combine manual toil and intellectual genius in that splendid union of which our national institutions are at once the cause and the result. Thence comes steady expansion of general prosperity; the increasing thrift of the body of the people; the greater independence and comfortable self-support of families; their homes in separate dwellings their own, into each of which flows a growing tide of refinement, culture, and amusement; the enlargement of public education, and the advancing standard of the schools; the saturation of the press and the consequent connection of local life with cosmopolitan interests; along with these the accumulation by individuals here and there of large fortunes to a good purpose, provided they be not wrenched out of others' earnings, but, on the contrary, constitute, in the very process of their accumulation, the fund of others' earnings; and then at last the public spirit in some such individual, which, hardly more by his own impulse than by the commanding general sentiment of which he is almost the involuntary servant and expression, appropriates a part of his fortune back to the public use and service. Can there be a finer tribute to labor than that thus, by its own inherent law of action, operating under our institutions of political freedom, it ministers to its own nobler needs even in the very act of its own exercise, whether executing the designs of the nicest skill and most scientific mechanisms, or faithfully hewing wood and drawing water, — its own hand providing for the education of its head and the refinement of its heart? Behold a marvel more wondrous than any tale of magical conjuration or Oriental myth! For not in the closet of the student, not in the shade of the cloister, not in the vista of the poet, not on the campus of a college, but straight out of the busiest, most intense, hardest-headed and hardest-handed material concentration of industrial, manufacturing, money-making, labor-employing forces and enterprise, springs this fair flower of the gentlest humanities, this grace of art, this fountain of letters, this frozen song of architecture! What is this but poetry and religion, — the tribute of the creature to God, — the obeisance of matter to mind, of toil to rest, of the hard practical forces to their master the spirit of thought and vision, — the recognition of that spirit-

ual, that mental and moral sovereignty which is the divine equality of all the children of God, and to which all lower life with its inequalities of circumstance, its dross of riches, and its grime of toil, is the shell of the chambered nautilus!

Yes, this building typifies the true communism. Here is the most precious wealth, the best treasures, — as far above all material mint and anise and cummin as the clouds above the earth, — and all is for all alike. Ah! that is the sweet assurance which letters, books, art, literature, and the whole range of intellectual life give to the world. The vicissitudes of fortune, the fluctuations of business, the rise and fall of stocks and prices, the successions of good times and hard times, the inequalities of material lot which are inevitable, nay are the very soil and stimulus of individual and social bettering, — all these cannot invade this realm, and he who invests his happiness in this security will never suffer bankruptcy. The refinement and riches of study and letters, open alike to all, is one of the best lessons of this dedication, summoning the whole world to its communism of goods. The wealth of Crœsus could not gather out of the past, out of the resources of intellectual treasure, what this new inclosure will hold. And yet all which this inclosure will hold will be, not the monopoly of Crœsus, not his exclusive of you and me, but our common possession; and the poorest child will here come and here command statesmen, poets, orators, warriors, all the greatness of human career to his side to minister to his pleasure, companionship, and instruction. Under that vault will echo no song of the shirt, but the poet's song of the woods, of enriched solitude, of the mind's paradise. And there, whatever his garb or trade or circumstance, the citizen student will learn that there is nothing so great as his own soul; and that the master-spirits of all time, who have inspired all the volumes of all the libraries, exist not so much in themselves as in their own ideals and in the ideals of those who have, with varying exaggeration and mirage interpreted their deeds or words, reproducing for us poet, prophet, leader, and inspirer, not out of those limits and facts of certain years of our Lord which are shifting guesswork, but out of those subtle and worshipful conceptions and mountings of the human mind, which are

the eternal and only truth. He will learn that to him these great spirits are of most interest as even thus they reflect his own highest ideals and help him realize them. Nothing to him the royal robes or fragrant palaces of Solomon, but everything to him David's agony of pain or tumult of aspiration, because they are the pain and aspiration of his own heart.

In the engrossments of everyday life, few of us appreciate what a *universal* blessing a library is. I have been surprised and delighted in my observation of our towns, to find how generally people of all conditions of life and degrees of means depend upon the public library; of how many a sick-room it is the light; of how many a poor man's home it is the cheer; of how much leisure and ennui it is the relief; and how thoroughly well informed and well read the community is made by its resources. Little does he know of our New England culture who thinks it confined to the select, or who from a thorough acquaintance with New England homes has not almost invariably found in them a wealth and variety of book-study, and an acquaintance with the field of authors and their works, a literary gleaning and harvest, which a characteristic reticence often hides, but which are as surely there as the waters, whose flow is in winter time unheard, are under their mantle of ice and snow. But this fact of the eager and general use of the public library only the more emphatically suggests that while such a resource is a mighty instrument for delight and for good, we should not forget that it may be made an instrument also for evil. It is no small responsibility that will fall on those who shall have this trust in their keeping, to select the fare it is to minister from its shelves, lest it demoralize rather than improve the public tone. We are nowadays especially careful what is the quality of the water we supply or the food we distribute from the great resources of our metropolitan centres. Let us be as careful of the intellectual and moral supply which determines — and which, under the incalculable influence of a public library, so much determines — the literary material of the people; the procedures, not into their mouths, but out of them — the issues of the heart.

The Converse Memorial Building! As you think of the scope of its noble and far-reaching beneficence, with what gratitude you

turn to those who gave it. And yet you delicately hesitate to open the chamber of the sacred memories and affections from which came its conception. As from some cave over which the angel of death had spread his dark wings, lo! the stone is rolled away and an angel of light and life comes forth, so from darkened hearts the burden is lifted and a springing flower, like the wonder of an Arabian tale, unfolds into the fair and massive consummation, which on this first day of October — the anniversary of the birth of him whose memory it perpetuates — we dedicate.

It is more than twenty years ago that on the 15th of December, 1863, by one of those monstrosities of human aberration which now and then shock the moral sentiment of a community as an earthquake would shock a New England landscape, the young man, a youth of seventeen, whose picture, suggestive of his youthful comeliness and fair promise, will henceforth grace the walls of the new library building, and whose name it will bear, was struck down at his post of duty by the red hand of violence. Out went forever, at a single rude blast, a flame of singular purity, the inspiration and delight of a wide circle of loving hearts to whom it stood for sweetness and light. This is no occasion to recall that scene. Its murky shadows have long since faded, and out from them has come the eternal compensation of God's greater and overruling solace. It has come in a truer than Endymion's dream of perennial youth; for, as long as beat the hearts that loved Frank Eugene Converse, and while the earth and we grow old, he is to them still like a morning flower fresh with the dews of the sunrise. It has come, too, in an awakened spirit of that loftier after-love which neither weakens into surrender nor unmans itself in impotent mourning; but, recognizing that what we call death is but a step upward in the staircase of immortality, counts the life which seemed cut off as still blossoming into richer fruition; and, keeping pace with it, erects no dead shaft of marble, plants no lugubrious willow, but puts into the heart of the municipality of which it promised to be such an impulse, the generous and soul-stirring spring of an unfailing public benefaction. And puts it there in the sacred hope that somehow it may be a consummation of the good work which might have been wrought by that life, had it been spared.

Citizens of Malden, whom I have so often met in the kindly interchanges of public and private life, I congratulate you on this occasion, and that it is an occasion of gladness and good cheer. To make it any other would be to misinterpret the purpose of those to whom we owe it. With one heart, with one harmonious sentiment, you gather here in the inspiration of neighborly love and interest, proud of a good work well begun and abundant with promise. At the date to which I have referred, Malden was a small town of some six thousand inhabitants. To-day it is a city of the Commonwealth, of which Mr. Converse was the first mayor, with more than twice that population, its manufactures representing millions of dollars and a multitude of industrious hands, its clustering nests of homes the paradise of suburban life, and its future an accelerating ratio of prosperous growth. It is hardly more characteristic of generosity on the part of the donors of the Converse Memorial Building than it is of a steady expanding public spirit and demand on the part of your city itself, that such an edifice should be erected in its midst. Henceforth that building will stand as a memorial of one of the foremost of New England communities, and tell the stranger what it is to be a citizen of Malden. It will stand as a memorial of the pure, ingenuous spirit of the noble boy it commemorates, and teach the young men of coming generations the lesson of a good example. It will stand as a memorial of Elisha Slade Converse and Mary Diana Converse, — the most conspicuous of their many contributions to the cause of good morals and public spirit in this municipality where, though in their own country, they are not without honor. You and your children will never gaze upon that memorial which they this day dedicate to your children and you, without recalling their names; you, with the affectionate love of neighbors and friends; your children, with the respect due, not to the riches of this world, but to those who are "rich in good works."

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD" . . . *Meyer.*

QUARTETTE.

POEM.

BY THE HON. JOHN K. C. SLEEPER, OF MALDEN.

I.

I wandered forth at early morn
  To breathe the spring-time fragrance pure,
To list to birds whose songs were born
  Of love's caress, — love's heart to lure:
O'er hill and dale, by shady nooks,
  O'er pastures green and fertile fields,
Vine-clad ravines and limpid brooks,
  Where Nature still her magic wields!

II.

At length I sat me down to rest
  Upon a hillock's grassy slope,
And wooed Content, — "Boon of the blest!"
  And mused of Faith, and Love, and Hope.
Small fleecy clouds, then flitting past,
  Obscured the sun's directer rays:
Shimmering, glimmering, they cast
  Their mottled shadows many ways.
Beyond, the heavier, denser clouds
  Were rolled more massive, dark, and bold,
And wrapped themselves like pall or shrouds
  'Thwart sunrise hope of ether gold!

III.

Absorbed in thought, I noted not
  The flight of time, until a bird,
With startled scream and chirping note,
  The latent life within me stirred;
When looking to the crest, beyond,
  Just where the play of lambent light
To young life's hope did quick respond,
  And sunbeams, scarcely hid from sight,
Played hide-and-seek with wooing scuds,
  There stood a form, with manly mien,
And look intent toward distant woods,
  Surveying, rapt, the enchanting scene.

IV.

The morning walk and quick ascent
  Gave color tints to winning face,
While poise and dress together lent
  To vigorous youth a charming grace:
His look was pure as angel's thought;
  His eyes were brimming with delight,
As though the picture he had sought
  Had burst upon his raptured sight!
The shadows grouped about his feet,
  While spring-time flowers, in grassy bed,
In peaceful sweetness did compete
  To lift their fragrance round his head.

V.

It was a full half-minute, sure,
  That I had gazed; when lightning flash,
Quicker than thought, did quite obscure
  My ravished sight; and then the crash
Of deafening thunder fairly shook
  The loosened rock which formed my seat!
Startled, an eager, wistful look
  I cast around for some retreat —
A shelter from the threatened blast:
  But first I would the stranger ask
To share with me while it might last
  Joint execution of the task, —
And started toward where he had stood:
  But lo! *No man was there!* No sign,
Except the tracks, both deep and good,
  And well defined in every line.

VI.

There was no storm! The rain fell not!
  The birds were silent as the wind!
I picked a lone forget-me-not,
  And wandered home with wondering mind.

VII.

Again, in search of quietude,
  I sought a "city of the dead";
Not noting that I might intrude,
  Close by a tomb my pathway led;

With bated breath, the singers sung
  A solemn dirge! And, as I neared,
The casket lid was open swung;
  I gave one look, and, as I feared,
It was my yester-morning friend!
  And, as I trembling passed away,
I saw two forms in *anguish* bend,
  And heard, "*Why must it be to-day?*"

VIII.

When days and weeks and months had gone,
  I chanced an open gate to pass;
Wild-flowers were peeping from the lawn
  Quite intermingled with the grass.
The winsome grace of drooping trees,
  Inviting look of paths and flowers,
The fragrance borne on zephyr breeze, —
  A captive led near summer bowers.
It was the hour of evening prayer!
  I heard two voices blent in one,
As if their mutual faith to share,
  Devoutly say, "*Thy will be done*"!
There seemed a sound like flitting wing!
  Perhaps an angel passed that way,
With message to the Heavenly King,
  That I had heard at close of day!

IX.

The years rolled on: again I walked;
  But lingered in a beauteous hall,
And thought and pondered as I talked,
  Of mem'ries it did, erst, recall.
Giving imagination range,
  Absorbed in quiet revery,
I saw and heard things passing strange!
  And yet, though strange, seemed true to me.
Upon my right, the eastern wall,
  There hung a painting, pure and bright,
Of him I saw and did extol, —
  My morning friend upon the height!
To sense surprised with awed delight
  It seemed a perfect counterpart!
E'en could I doubt the sense of sight,
  His photograph was on my heart!

X.

Admiring much the bold design, —
  Commending more the artist's skill, —
My thoughts, restrained, would still incline
  To that bright scene on yonder hill;
When, as I gazed, it seemed as though
  The likeness nearer, nearer drew,
Though moving very, very slow,
  Till art, to mind, was lost to view.

XI.

Entranced, there seemed a whispering
  That fell with sweetness on my ear —
"The Father loves the wayfaring,
  And that is why my picture's here!"
"*Up there*, He thinks of *human* good,
  And sends His ministries abroad,
That, if they will, men may be *wooed*
  To *greater good* and blest reward!"

XII.

Slowly a transformation came
  Of place and scene! I stood beside
My pictured friend in golden frame,
  Back to the wall, and watched the tide,
In ebb and flow, of living men,
  Both great and small and old and young:
Saw rich and poor — who, now and then,
  Their places changed! Heard often sung
In undertone, thanksgiving hymn!
  Noted when satisfaction beamed
From eyes and face! Saw visage grim
  Relax the sternness which had seemed
Part and parcel of itself, till
  A kindly sympathy was stirred,
And sweeter temper, governed will,
  A better self had half restored
In half a year! Saw all degrees
  Of men and women much extend
Their knowledge of their chosen ways
  Of livelihood — and bless their Friend.
In short it was the supplement,
  Or friend, of every good. Says Youth,
"It was a dream." Make no dissent;
  Dreams oft are kin to noblest Truth!

FEB. 28, 1885.

ADDRESS.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY GEORGE D. ROBINSON.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

This is indeed an occasion of rare felicity. When the people of a busy city assemble in the bright and stirring hours of the day, when they step aside from the demands of business and the cares of industry, and come together to sit down and express their emotions of appreciation and gratitude for a work that has been accomplished among them, the occasion speaks volumes. And yet, not only your presence here to-day is bearing rich testimony, but you have had, in the eloquent words of the orator, in the melodious lines of the poet, and in the rich harmonies of music's strains, language that is in keeping with the time. There is little more to be said. And yet, though your city government has gathered here, though your people of all classes and occupations have assembled here, though the representatives of other cities have joined with you on this occasion, though friends far and near are united to-day; for all that, there is a singular propriety that the good old State which is the mother of us all, that takes in all the towns and cities with the people in them, nay, rather is made up out of them, that she should be here and express her pleasure in this renewed manifestation of the devotion of the people to their own welfare and to their own highest advancement.

It is not a new thing in Massachusetts for attention to be paid to literature and art and science. Attention has been paid to these things from the time of the first settlement on our soil. And when the fathers wrote the Constitution, which is our charter to-day and will be for generations, they expressed their devotion to the interests of literature. Among the early statutes are found recorded acts of the Legislature not only authorizing but seemingly directing the people to make provision in this direction. The city of Malden stands companion with all the cities and towns throughout the Commonwealth which have shown their interests in such enterprises. As you walk the streets, you find here, on the

one side and on the other, the well-ordered and beautiful and cleanly homes. There, you say, dwell contentment and security and the foundation of Christian liberty. On the corner next, you find the schoolhouse, with its doors thrown wide open for the children of all, free for them to enter, abundant in its benefactions, ready to enlighten and strengthen and energize them. There is the church, yours or your neighbors', each standing for itself and offering an opportunity to worship as the conscience dictates. But you will find as you look around, that in every community there is a want that must be otherwise supplied. That want the public library meets. Some kind person sets up at the corner of the street a fountain and leads into it a stream of living water, and man and beast slake their thirst there and go away strengthened and refreshed. Mankind is stronger and firmer and better protected against temptations to vice and indulgence by such benefactions as that. So, too, rising above the mere bodily wants, he who puts within the reach of the people the means by which they may freely drink into the mind the rich draughts of literature has contributed something which is immeasurable in its benefits. Such an investment declares a dividend every day, and though not recorded in stock reports, it is written higher up on a record that is unimpeachable. All honor, then, to the generous and public-spirited donors of this magnificent and commodious building. All and abundant appreciation to the tenderness and the thought exemplified in this work. Day after day for many years these people have gone in and out of their homes and mingled with their fellow-citizens, and, no doubt, passers-by have thought "they care little about us." And in all that time those hearts were melted under the sweet influences of fellow sympathy and kindly wish, and the fruitage has come here and now. Humanity never jumps out all arrayed in such a work unless it is the blossoming and the harvest of thought and feeling and sympathy that are divine in their intent. And it may be permissible in this Malden community, where Mr. and Mrs. Converse are so well known, to say that this act is consistent with their whole course of life. The men and the women and the children that live now, and that shall live in the generations to come, will declare that it was but one more act of their sympathy,

one more expression of their benevolence, one more outcome of their generous hearts. Again, it is a renewed proof of that splendid business success which is possible in this free land of ours. It stands, too, as typifying domestic unity. Thank God the husband and wife are still one. And so long as husband and wife stand together in home and school and church and State, we shall have reason to be proud of our kind, of our city, and of our Commonwealth. It stands, too, symbolic of the purest and tenderest parental love. It is this which always speaks best to the heart, and touches us so deeply that language fails to give it expression.

As it was our pleasure this afternoon to visit the beautiful building, to admire the plans of development and adornment, as we wandered in its beautiful hall and examined the works of art which had been collected, and looked up and down at the vacant shelves and anticipated what was surely to come there, we saw two little innocent children sitting upon the arch before the great fireplace that has been alluded to. The little ones sat there all unconscious of the occasion, appreciating nothing, even of the dignity of public station, full of the enjoyment of the hour. They seemed to me to be an expression of the present and a prophecy of the future. The library shall give them a cordial greeting, and bid them take their father and mother by the hand and come in there with them and open these treasures for their enlightenment and purification. To-day will be a bright red-letter day in this town and in this community. It is gloriously commemorative of the dear son who has gone, and gloriously prophetic of a better life among the people.

Mr. Edwin M. Shepard then read the following poem, written for the occasion by a citizen of Malden: —

THE PEOPLE'S RESPONSE.

Behold a wonder in our midst!
  Two kindred souls — our neighbors, friends —
In life the wealth with which they 're blest
  Devote, in love, to life's great ends.

Their generous gift of love's demand
  We consecrate most tenderly;
Memorial, ornate and grand!
  The People's University!

Beautiful temple! Thy lines of grace;
  The tempered light within thy walls;
The measured strength which doth embrace
  Thy larger and thy lesser halls;

The grandeur of the thoughts that planned;
  The kindness of the hearts that gave;
Whate'er for untold love doth stand,
  All that the dearest memories crave, —

Are symbols of thy destiny!
  Through generations thou shalt stand
In comeliness and dignity,
  The wisdom of benignant mind!

A hope, a promise, and a light
  To weary searchers after truth;
A haven of rest, a pure delight,
  To rich and poor, to age and youth.

'T is not the more the magnitude
  Than 't is the spirit of this good
Which toucheth us — which doth include
  The Master's thought of brotherhood!

Twain givers for a nobler cause!
  Their grander monument shall be
Nor stone, nor bronze, nor high applause,
  But grateful heart's sweet memory.

O God! who gav'st the power to give,
  And smiled upon the wills that gave,
Bless thou them still! Long may they live!
  From every ill wilt thou them save!

Bless Thou with equal grace the gift!
  Guide those who hold the sacred trust,
That men it may to Thee uplift,
  To live more wise and pure and just!

"AUTUMN SUNSET" . . . . . *Göring.*

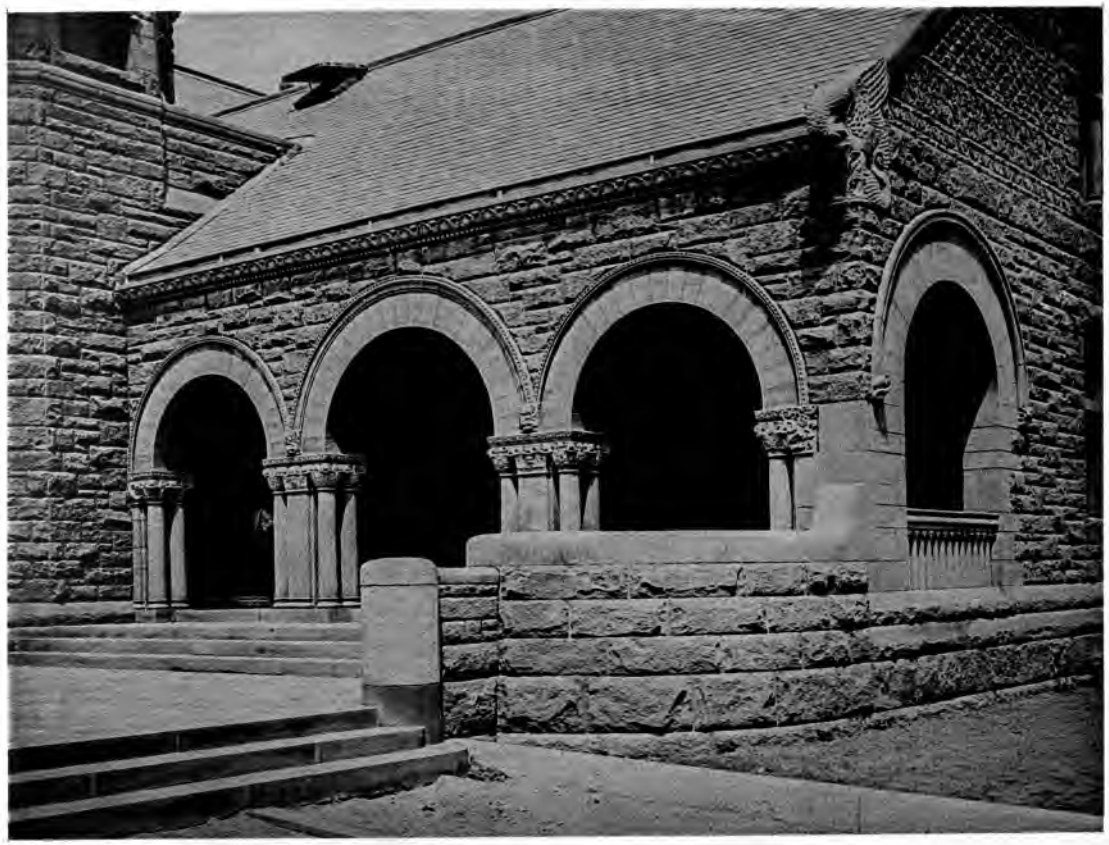
QUARTETTE.

BENEDICTION.

REV. BENJAMIN H. BAILEY, OF MALDEN.

ORGAN POSTLUDE:

MARCH FROM THE FIFTH SYMPHONY . . *Beethoven.*



The following orders and resolutions were unanimously passed by the Board of Aldermen and Common Council: —

WHEREAS, The Hon. Elisha S. Converse and Mary D. Converse have given a building to be used for the purposes of a public library for the benefit of the people of Malden, a gift which opens opportunities for intellectual culture freely to all our citizens, and bestows to the world a noble example of Christian thoughtfulness for the welfare of others:

Resolved, That the Mayor and City Council of the city of Malden in the name of the people, render to the Hon. Elisha S. Converse and Mary D. Converse their heartfelt thanks for the gift of the Converse Memorial Building.

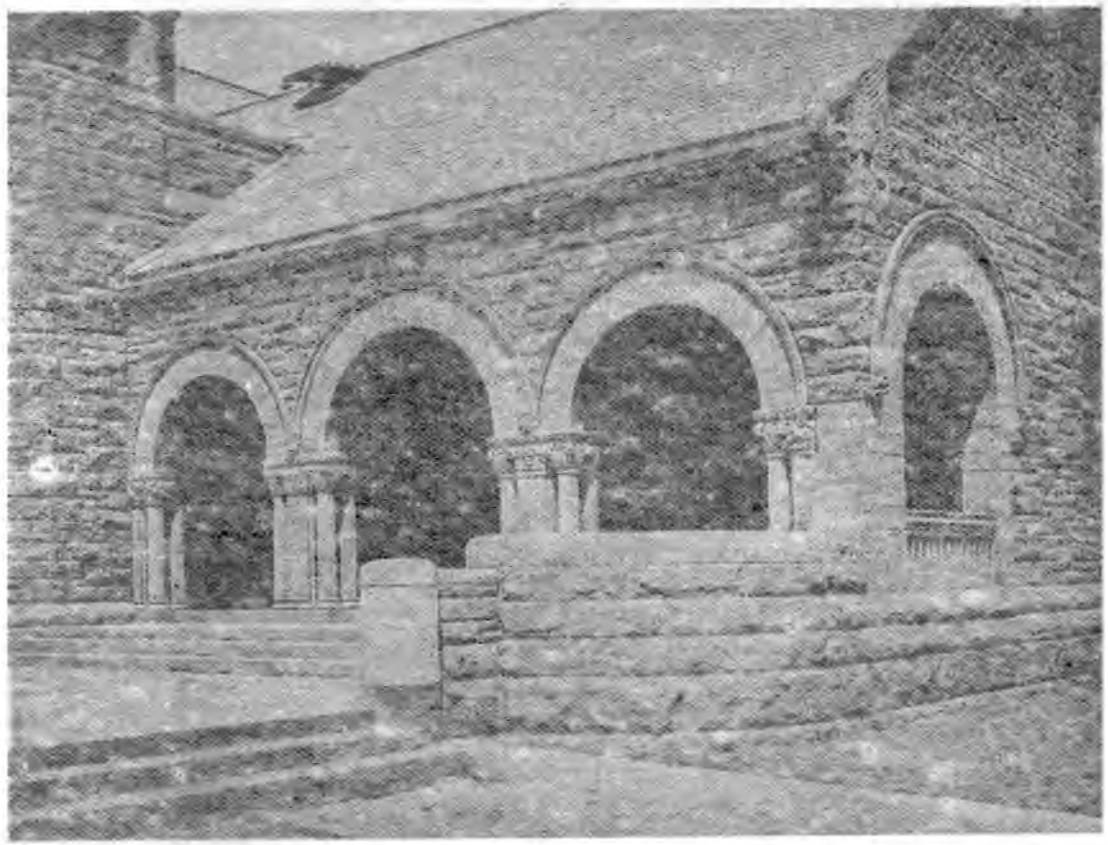
That the Mayor be, and hereby is, authorized to have a copy of the resolution of thanks to the Hon. Elisha S. Converse and Mary D. Converse, for the gift of the Converse Memorial Building, engrossed, and sent to Mr. and Mrs. Converse.

That the Mayor and City Council of the city of Malden desire to express to the Hon. John D. Long the thanks of the city, for his earnest and eloquent oration delivered on the occasion of the dedication of the Converse Memorial Building.

That the Mayor be, and hereby is, authorized to have a copy of the resolution of thanks to the Hon. John D. Long, for his oration on the occasion of the dedication of the Converse Memorial Building, engrossed and sent to him.

That the Mayor be, and hereby is, authorized and requested to extend the grateful thanks of the city of Malden to the Hon. Elisha S. Converse, Mary D. Converse, Hon. J. W. Converse, Costello C. Converse, M. Ida Converse, Harry E. Converse, Francis E. Converse, George L. Brown, George P. Holmes, Howard E. Randall, William T. Robinson, Thomas Lacy, Thomas K. Carey, Francis K. Carey, James Carey, Jr., E. F. Beckford, and Charles Merrill, for their recent gifts to the Malden Public Library.

That the Mayor be, and hereby is, authorized and requested, in the name of the city, to gratefully recognize the services of His Excellency the Governor, Hon. John L. C. Sleeper, Rev. Daniel W. Faunce, D. D., Obadiah B. Brown, Rev. J. W. Wellman, Rev. Joseph H. Mansfield, Edwin M. Shepard, Rev. Benjamin H. Bailey, and Rev. Samuel F. Smith, D. D.



The following orders and resolutions were unanimously passed by the Board of Aldermen and Common Council: —

WHEREAS, The Hon. Elisha S. Converse and Mary D. Converse have given a building to be used for the purposes of a public library for the benefit of the people of Malden; a gift which opens rare opportunities for intellectual culture freely to all our citizens, and shows to the world a noble example of Christian thoughtfulness for the welfare of others:

Resolved, That the Mayor and City Council of the city of Malden, in the name of the people, render to the Hon. Elisha S. Converse and Mary D. Converse their heartfelt thanks for the gift of the Converse Memorial Building.

That the Mayor be, and hereby is, authorized to have a copy of the resolution of thanks to the Hon. Elisha S. Converse and Mary D. Converse, for the gift of the Converse Memorial Building, engrossed, and sent to Mr. and Mrs. Converse.

That the Mayor and City Council of the city of Malden desire to express to the Hon. John D. Long the thanks of the city, for his earnest and eloquent oration delivered on the occasion of the dedication of the Converse Memorial Building.

That the Mayor be, and hereby is, authorized to have a copy of the resolution of thanks to the Hon. John D. Long, for his oration on the occasion of the dedication of the Converse Memorial Building, engrossed and sent to him.

That the Mayor be, and hereby is, authorized and requested to extend the grateful thanks of the city of Malden to the Hon. Elisha S. Converse, Mary D. Converse, Hon. J. W. Converse, Costello C. Converse, M. Ida Converse, Harry E. Converse, Francis E. Converse, George L. Brown, George P. Holmes, Howard E. Randall, William T. Robinson, Thomas Lang, Thomas K. Carey, Francis K. Carey, James Carey, Jr., E. F. Bickford, and Charles Merrill, for their recent gifts to the Malden Public Library.

That the Mayor be, and hereby is, authorized and requested, in the name of the city, to gratefully recognize the services of His Excellency the Governor, Hon. John K. C. Sleeper, Rev. Daniel W. Faunce, D. D., Obadiah B. Brown, Rev. J. W. Wellman, Rev. Joseph H. Mansfield, Edwin M. Shepard, Rev. Benjamin H. Bailey, and Rev. Samuel F. Smith, D. D.

IN BOARD OF MAYOR AND ALDERMEN.

Resolved, That the noble gift of Hon. Elisha S. Converse and Mrs. Mary D. Converse has received proud and grateful recognition.

While Converse Memorial Building has been formally and with appropriate ceremonies accepted by the city; while it has been consecrated to its sacred purpose with earnest prayer and cultured eloquence in speech and song; while the thoughts that lie too deep for words have blessed the generous hearts that inspired and created this far-reaching benefaction, it seems fitting that the Board of Mayor and Aldermen give such perpetuity as their records afford to the sense of obligation and gratitude under which the city gladly rests, to these kind friends who have placed on a sure foundation an institution which challenges time and holds kinship with eternity.

The public library, enlarged and vivified by the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Converse, who thus testify that the welfare and happiness of others are their own highest enjoyment, opens wide its doors through which all may enter.

It is blessed to receive, and our blessing is increased, for with the gift is bestowed the rich fruitage of honorable and honored lives.

CONVERSE MEMORIAL BUILDING

ERECTED BY

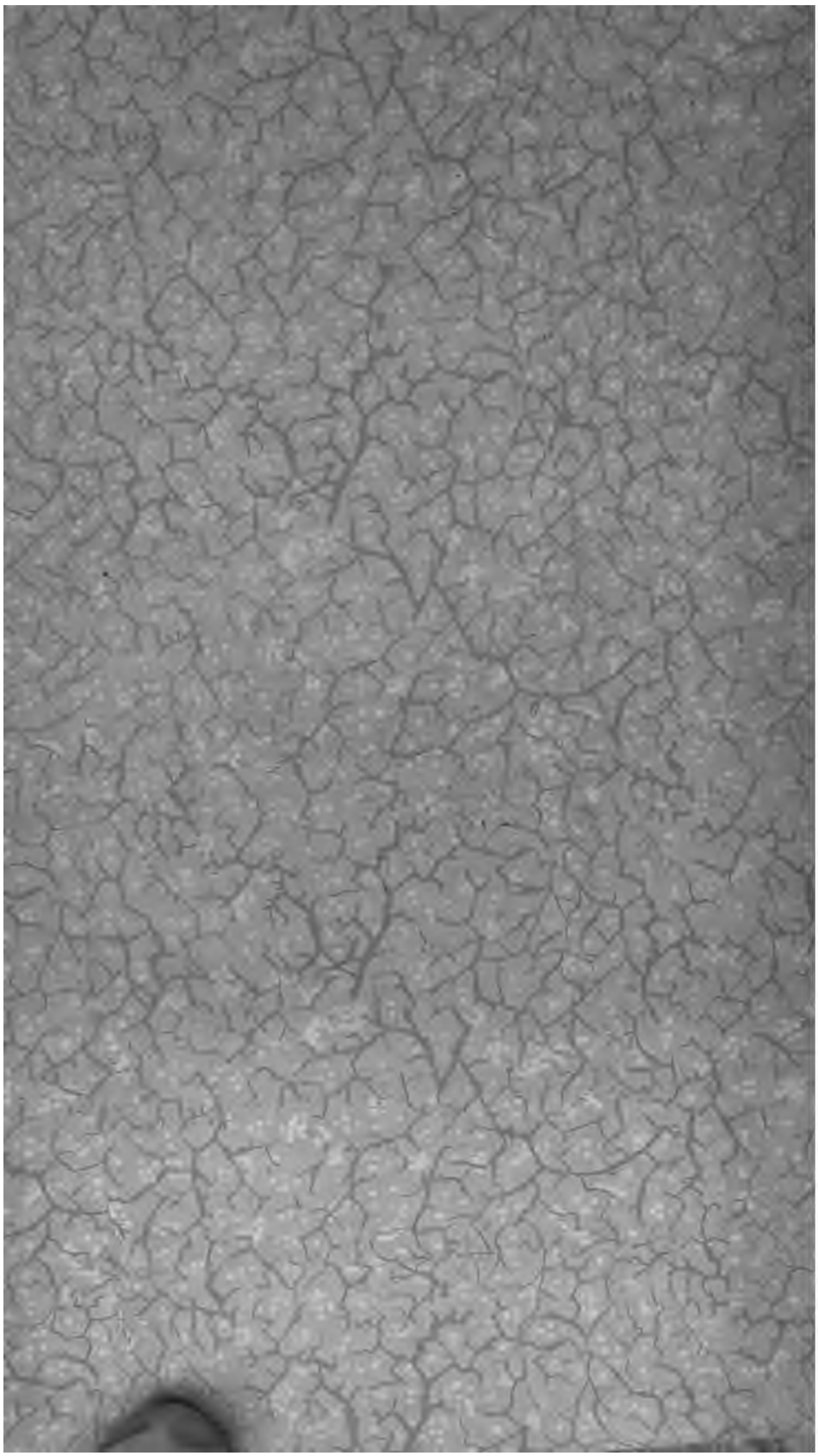
ELISHA S. AND MARY D. CONVERSE

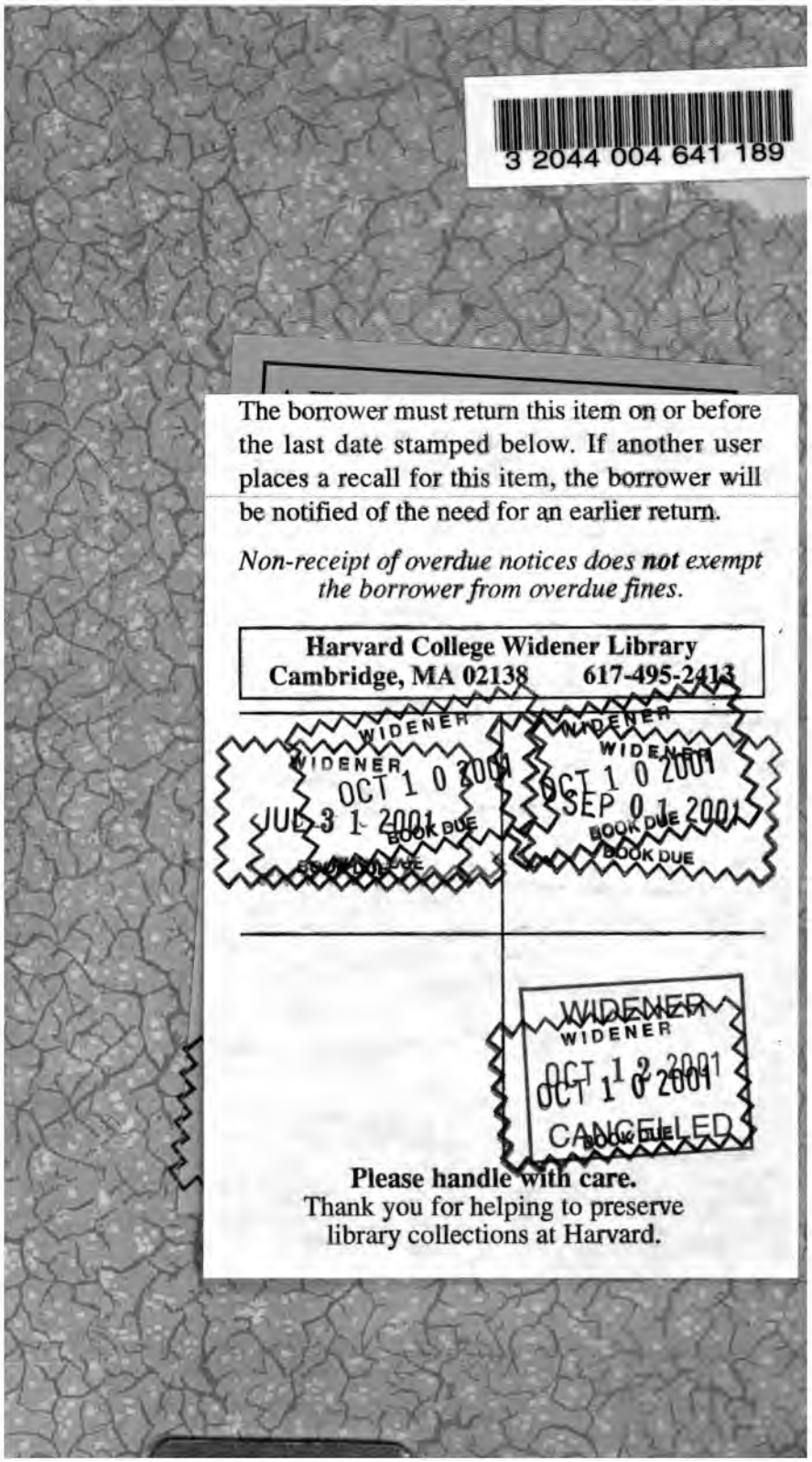
IN MEMORY OF THEIR SON

FRANK EUGENE CONVERSE

PRESENTED TO THE CITY OF MALDEN FOR THE USE
OF A FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY AND
GALLERY OF ART

DEDICATED OCT. 1, MDCCCLXXXV

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